

NUMBER 325

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Lena's just bought some sexy undies, and she wants you to be the first to see. She's wrapped her yummy titties in a little bow just for that sensual reveal. She playfully sneaks out of her panties to let you see how tight her pussy is gonna fit around your throbbing cock. Every part of her sexy body is complemented by the heavenly moans that escape her lips.



























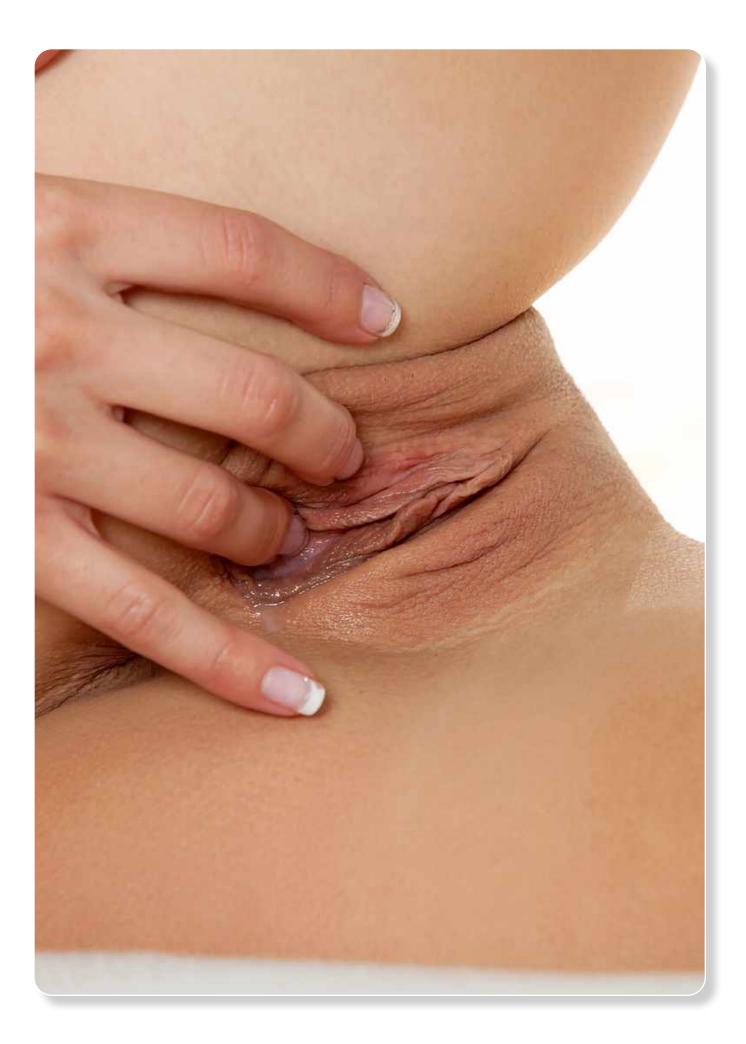














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After a long day of sun tanning, loud music, and a whole lot of fun, there's just one more thing Isabella and Jana have on their "to do" list now that they're finally alone. Three guesses as to what that might be, but the answer is — each other. With little more than a look, they set their inhibitions aside and take to kissing and caressing the other's goodies.























et me tell you about Shasta, my mom's best friend, and me. But I'd better explain about her first: She isn't your ordinary older woman. To give you an idea, her given name is Daisy, but she never could tolerate it. To her it was so "tacky."

Then someone gave her a bouquet of guess-what's, not knowing they were her least favorite flower. He told her they were Shasta Daisies, and the name kind of caught her fancy. It seemed legitimate because it's a kind of daisy. She's been called "Shasta" ever since.

That tells you enough about Shasta to understand her eccentric behavior. Most of Mom's other friends thinks she's downright "loony," but no one has ever heard the story I'm about to tell you. God only knows what they'd call her if they did.

I was 20 at the time and probably the only male virgin

among my friends. And Shasta was well aware of that fact. I used to tell her a lot. She was way easier to talk to than my folks were, mostly because of the kind of person she was.

Shasta was old enough to know a lot more than I did but young enough to talk to—young enough that she remembered being 20 herself. And she was unconventional enough to deal with things her own way.

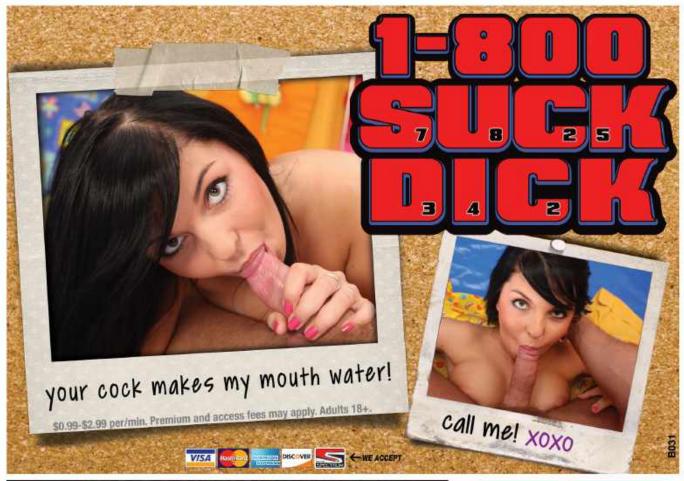
She had told me to come over to her house for new birthday present. She was always the only one who knew not to give me a sweater when what I really wanted was an X-Box. When my dad gave me a set of books to improve my mind for my 18th birthday, Shasta gave me a subscriptions to Playboy magazine.

"Where's the present?" I asked when I kissed her. I was not very polite, but I was at

least honest in a way my mother would have killed me for. But Shasta always understood and laughed.

"You'll get it soon enough," she said. "You're spending an afternoon with your favorite friend of your mom's. That's your present." I knew Shasta well enough to trust that there was more to it than that.

I was puzzled and curious but I settled back and accepted the cup of coffee she offered me. It tasted odd and I asked what was in it. "Irish whiskey," she said, "It's Irish coffee." Two cups of that, and the next thing I knew she was pouring the whiskey into a highball glass. I wasn't a big drinker. A couple of beers with the guys to keep my image up, nothing more, were enough for me. She knew she'd have to get me drunk. Two Irish coffees and I was willing to drink from the shot glass.













The photos in that book had done a fine job of not only raising a stiff cock...

Then I noticed that she had a beautiful-looking book on the coffee table. I don't think it had been there all along. She must have slipped it there while I was looking elsewhere. It was filled with reproductions of erotic drawings, paintings and statues. Not crude stuff; really high-class erotica. I must say

it captured my attention and I grew an immediate hard-on. That embarrassed me a little, since I still wasn't comfortable about my own body, but I was less uptight with Shasta than with anyone else.

There were couples in all sorts of poses. Shasta asked me if some of them particulooked larly interesting. She knew I'd never made it with a girl, but she was talking to me like an adult, a man of the world, anyhow. It made me feel real good. I was tempted to

blurt out "Any of them would be good!" But instead I answered, "This one, and that one, look really hot," trying to keep my cool.

I was anything but cool, in fact. The photos in that book had done a fine job of not only raising a stiff cock but also making it pulse very hard, and making my balls feel tight and uncomfortable. I felt even more turned on when I looked up from the book.

Shasta had removed her jacket, and the t shirt underneath was totally transparent. She had what we always called "melon jugs," though her nipples were somewhat tiny. They were an extremely dark brown, which made up for their size. They stood out against her white breasts and beckoned

She'd gotten me drunker than I realized and then inflamed my youthful passions with pretty, artsy and highly erotic photos. It doesn't take much erotica to get a young dude who's never fucked anything but his fist into a highly aroused state.

So there I was, drunk, the room in a haze and my mind



whoever saw them, which at the moment was me.

I leaned toward them, then recovered my composure and sat up. Shasta slipped out of her skirt. She was wearing no panties! I could see her pink pussy lips, which was even more inviting than her titties. I had never had any desire for Shasta before. You have to take this statement on faith, but why would I tell you this story and then lie about this one thing?

in a daze, and only two things clear to me: the sight of Shasta's tits and glistening pussy, and the object of my desires. I had never been more acutely aware of the need to relieve my balls of their load. I tried to stand up, intending to go to the bathroom and have a quick session with my fist. The room began spinning as I stood and I quickly sat down again.

The next thing I knew, Shasta said, "Isn't it warm in here?

...but also making it pulse very hard, and making my balls feel tight...

Wouldn't you be more comfortable with something taken off?" It sounded like a perfectly sensible suggestion, though I couldn't quite think what to do about it.

She did it for me. She unbuttoned my shirt and removed it. I had no undershirt on. She ran her fingers through my chest but in the nicest possible way. I wasn't aware that she had my pants unzipped or my belt unbuckled, until she said, "I'm going to need your help to get these off." I realized she had my pants to a point where they would come off if only I would stand up.

So I stood up, teetering un-

heard of cocksucking, but I'd never experienced it. Some of the local girls, who wouldn't fuck because they were afraid of getting pregnant, would still go down. But I had never scored at all.

"Nice nuts too!" she commented, cupping my balls in her hand and gently massag-

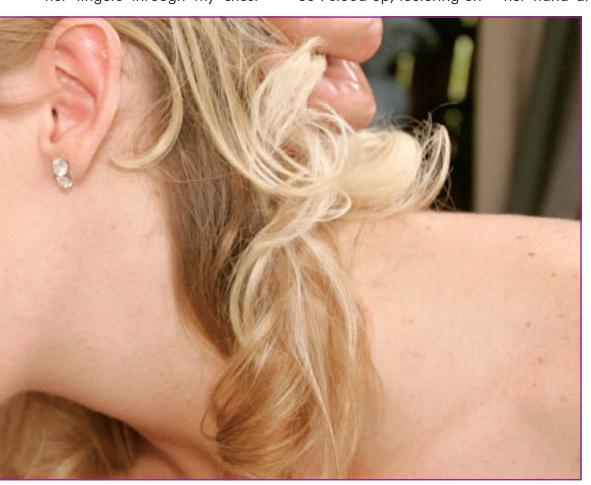
ing them. As she sucked, the feel of her mouth on my shaft was unbearably awesome. She made every hair on my body stand on end. She really knew what she was doing!

She sucked slowly, so every moment registered. Every inch; I could feel her lips pass over every square inch of my shaft and her tongue was in there too, sending messages to my balls by rubbing my cockhead with raspy delicacy. She couldn't have sucked long be-

fore my overloaded balls exploded.

I shot what felt like a gallon of cum into her that mouth and down her waiting throat. She kept massaging my balls and sucking my cock to get every drop out. I lay there groaning as my body floated and my mind drifted among sexy images of Shasta, the girls from school and sexy movie stars.

I had never realized I had sexy nuts, a sexy chest and a



hair. "Won't the girls go wild for this!" she said. "We love to run our hands through the forest on a nice hairy chest." And she did exactly that while I stored away this new piece of information, that my chest was sexually attractive.

My whole body was on edge now as her fingers touched me all over, lightly running through my chest hairs and straying to my sides, my shoulders and my face. Her touch burned, der the effects of the whiskey. Why shouldn't she take my pants off? I looked at my hard-on poking out of my boxers and didn't even feel any embarrassment.

"Hey, that's nothing to be ashamed of. You've got a good one!" she said, ogling my stiffening rod with half-closed eyes, grinning and licking her lips. She yanked the shorts off in one quick tug and fell to her knees between my legs. I had

I spread her legs for her. The outer lips of her pussy were all wet and I knew what from.

dick worth noting. Suddenly I was aware of just how sexy I had grown up to be, because Shasta told me so. Shasta kept sucking. There was nothing left and my dick was so sensitive it hurt, but she kept on sucking. She took her tongue off my cockhead and ran it around the sides of my shaft, and it didn't feel bad anymore. It felt so good, In fact, that I started to get hard again.

I had only just come, and there I was beginning to get the gap between her legs she discreetly let me see her glistening pussy, but she didn't spread her legs or do anything that might have been called nasty.

I spread her legs for her. The outer lips of her pussy were all wet and I knew what from. She was turned on over me! I put finger to her crotch and touched her pussy. I pulled one lip back and took in the sight of her pink clit, which was bathed in her juices and engarged

clear through the boozy haze I was still in except that she wanted—no, needed—to be fucked. Well, I was (and still am) a gentleman, so I obliged her.

I pulled her down on the sofa, so she was flat on her back and not inclined against the arm. I raised myself over her, contemplating the move I was about to make. I held onto my fully erect manhood and positioned it above the entrance to her cunt, and then I

plunged in.

The sensation of feeling a warm, wet, and highly electrified and pungent pussy closing around my cock for the first time drove me insane. It squeezed me tight, milking my cock, drawing my juices. I remembered I had come once, but she hadn't. She was plenty hot. Her juices attested to that and so did her moans, the stiffness of her muscles and the expression her face, which

I could have mistaken for pain.

She was I massaging her tits as I thrust in and out. I thought I'd do it for her so I gently pushed her hands away and, supporting my body weight on one hand, massaged her globes with the other hand.

It was getting complicated, like rubbing your stomach while patting your head. I told



hard again. When she had it up to half-mast, she stopped. I had opened my mouth to protest when I saw that she'd only stopped to remove the rest of her clothes.

She took off the blouse with deliberate motions, playing peek-a-boo with her tits and with her moist cunt. She sat at the opposite end of the couch and drew her legs up. Through

with her passions. I reached out a finger and gently flicked her clit. She placed a hand on mine and guided it in a motion that pleased her. Then she lay back and let me do it.

She closed her eyes, moaned and arched her back. If ever a woman looked like she wanted a cock slipped into her cunt, that was Shasta. Nothing else in the room was







myself, remember the in-andout motion of the dick you're spearing her with but use a different tempo to rub and gently knead her tits.

Then there was her tongue, which flicked into my mouth as her hand pulled my head down. The feel of her tongue in my mouth was unlike any other girl's tongue I had played with before, and I've played with a lot of girls. Played with; that's all it could have been, by comparison.

She was moaning into my ear "Yes! Fuck! Help me... got to come... so hot ... I want it now... I'm going to come... fuck me harder! Give me all of it. Fuck me, Marty. Keep going... don't fuckin' stop! Do me hard... give it to me now! Now! Now!"

Suddenly she let out a shrill scream such as I had never heard before. Her passion forced me over the edge and I spewed forth great quantities of hot jism into Shasta's thanking me!

Gradually we became aware that my cock was slipping out of her pussy and we were both very sticky and sweaty. What's more, the whiskey had worked its way through my system and I had to take a wicked piss. I got up and went to the bathroom.

She followed me, staring admiringly at my dick as I stood before the toilet. "That's quite a cock you've got there," she said. I felt real good; I was

already wondering which of the girls I knew should be next in line to receive me. Or should it be someone new, someone I didn't know?

When I returned home and began sobering up, remorse set in and I thought I'd done an awful thing. But before I had a chance for the case of guilties the multiply, Shasta had arrived for my birthday dinner. She acted as if nothing unusual had just hap-

pened, except for a sly wink she sent in my direction. Otherwise she was Shasta, same as always.

I wasn't the same as always, though. I already had dates lined up for the next two nights. They went just as I hoped - no - planned. Needless to say I scored and maintained a respectable batting average thereafter.



Shasta's body was bucking below me, wildly moving as she strained toward her climax. I felt my cum rise to a head again, and hoped I could hold off until she came. With all that stimulation—her tongue, the feeling of her luscious breasts, the way her pussy gripped my cock and squeezed it—I had a hard time containing my load.

depths, as my cock pulsed and pounded.

I collapsed on top of her and she kissed my ears, my nose, my eyelids, my neck. She buried her face in my neck and said, "That was very nice. Thank you. You're going to make a lot of girls feel awfully good." She had said 'thank you' to me! She thought I was really good. And she was

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Kari's absolutely been loving her hillside getaway. It's nice to slow down every once in a while and focus on what's really important. Kari's felt really peaceful, but she's so bored. Soon she's touching and fingering herself in the fresh air out on the deck, dreaming some stud might see her hot curves contorting and come save her from her ravenous fingers.









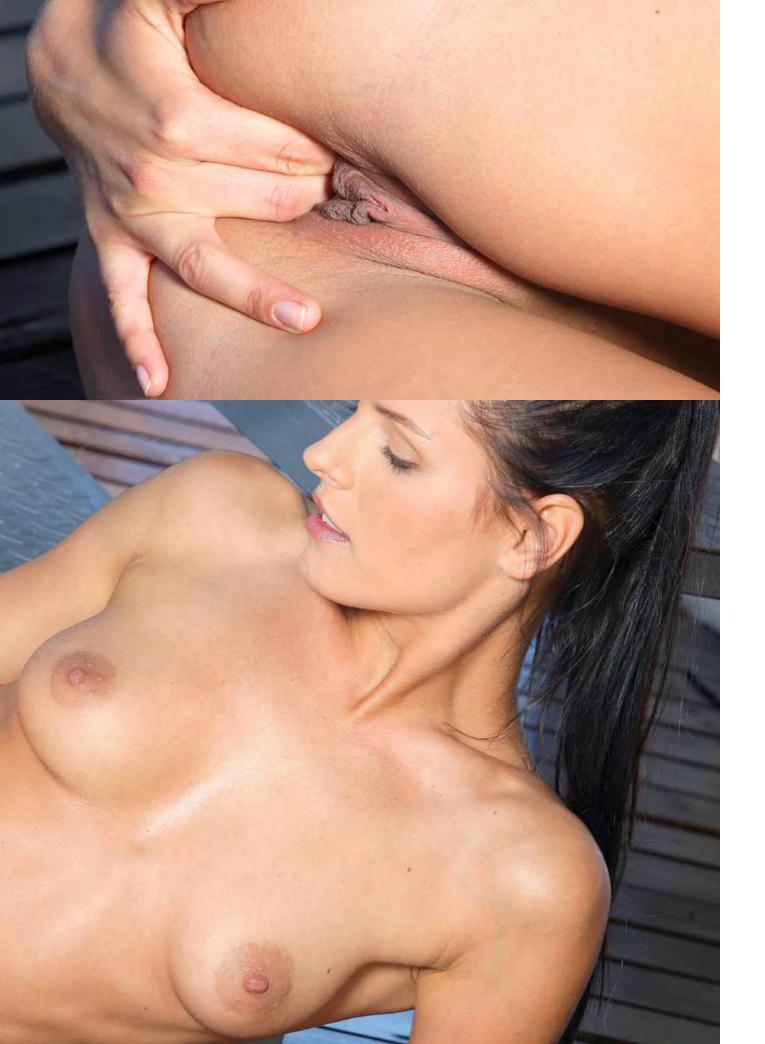


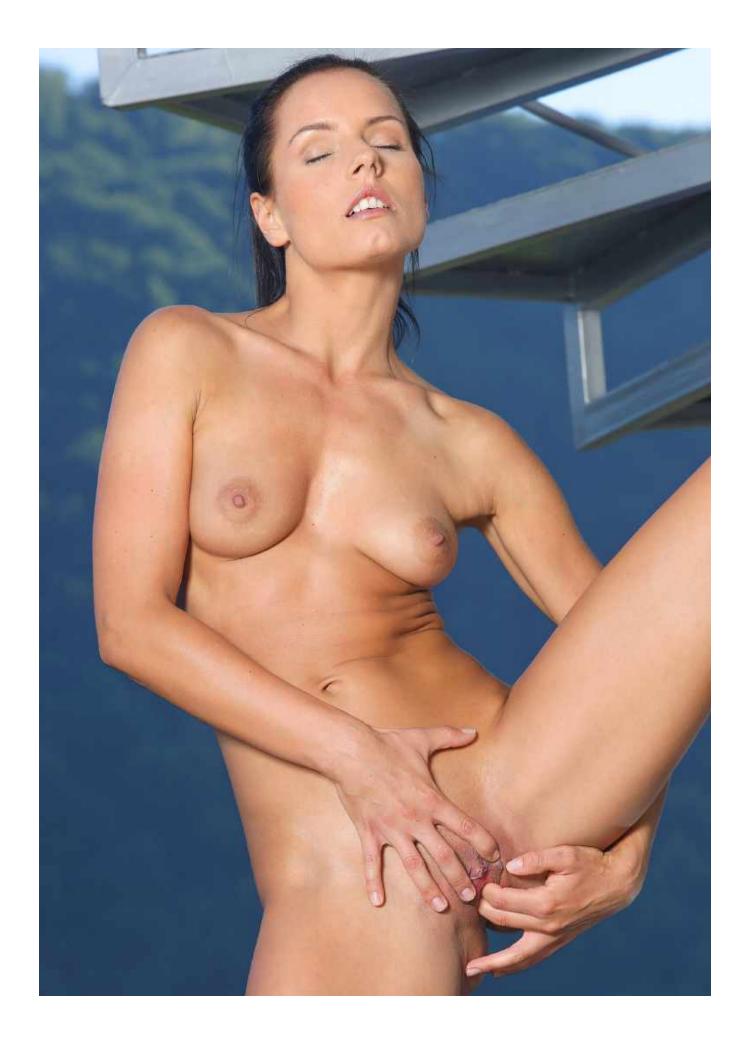




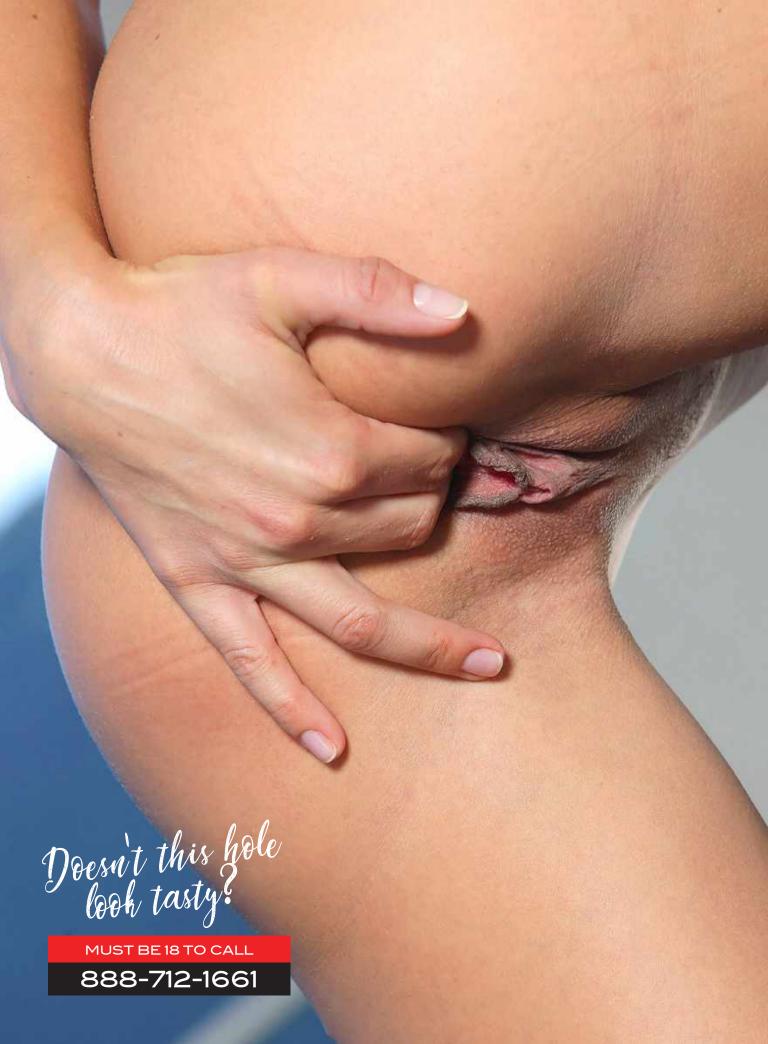














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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

JERK-OFF JUNKIE

I'm a master at masturbation and have been for years now. If you're a dude who indulges, throw off your guilt feelings, pull down your pants, and enjoy yourself! You are certainly not alone.

One day, when I was much younger, I was in the bathroom on a perfectly legitimate mission and I began thumbing through a catalogue. The ladies in their underwear interested me and, as I flipped through the pages my dick began to grow.

The girls were so pretty, standing there together in their panties and bras, smiling. I closed my eyes and imagined standing there in the photo with them. Though I wasn't totally sure of what I'd like to do with them, my cock was. I felt it throbbing away and when I opened my eyes it was red and glistening with a crystalline drop of juice, just like I knew it would be. With a finger I touched the juice and rubbed its wetness into the head of my pink little cock.

I decided to find the prettiest of all the ladies in the catalogue and went flipping through the pages while unashamedly playing with myself. I finally settled on a full-breasted blonde with a slightly freckled chest, ruby red lips, blue eyes and a mysterious dark V showing through her white lace panties.

I imagined being there in front of her. Not knowing anything about sex—or even how to jack off—I shook my penis at her, occasionally giving myself a squeeze.

The more I shook and squeezed, the better I felt. Finally, by sheer trial and error, I came upon the stroking technique that led to the first, best, and most frightening orgasm of my life.

I hadn't the slightest idea of what the white fluid was that shot up onto my stomach. I thought I was the only one to ever experience such a thing. My head swam and I feared that I'd lost some vital fluid from an internal organ. I vowed never to touch myself again.

Later that day, in confession, I told the priest how I was afraid I had harmed

myself. To his lasting credit he assured me that I was in no physical danger. He told me to say a hundred Hail Marys and promise to never sin again. Until I became a lapsed Catholic a year later, it seemed like all I did was pull my pud and say Hail Marys.

My estrangement from the church resulted from another masturbatory experience which occurred when my mom sent me to the butcher to get some meat for family dinner. As was my practice, I stopped at the drug store on my way home to look through magazines for pictures of scantily clad girls. I would carry the images in my head until I reached the privacy of the bathroom, where I'd whip out my dick and relieve myself.

I always looked through women's magazines because for some reason, they had the sexiest ads. As luck would have it, one magazine featured a bathing suit fashion review. This was at about the time the bikini was new and daring, and the magazine was full of sexy girls dressed in them. I must have stood there for an hour or more, the package of meat from the butcher growing warm under my arm, studying those nearly nude bodies. I found myself wanting to pull down that little strip of material and find out firsthand what was causing all the fuss. Finally the owner came back to the rack, called me a horny little bastard and ordered me out of the store.

My hard-on was straining at my pants so hard that I ran out of the store. Unfortunately, I was just too horny. Halfway home I stopped at a gas station bathroom and had to jerk off.

I spent the next four years beating my meat while a rubber wore an imprint in my wallet. I honestly think I was oversexed in those days. I mean, I would polish my rocket eight, maybe ten times a



day. I became adventurous and experimental, trying different types of lubricants. Toothpaste, I discovered, burned but was good for a change of pace. My father's imported ambrosial hair tonic was also nice but defied being washed away with soap and water, causing me to smell like a Neapolitan lawyer without the concomitant greased-down look. The best masturbation lube by far was, and still is, simple baby oil.

In my seventeenth year I finally got a girlfriend and began having unenjoyable sex, marked with tears (hers) and more guilt (mine). Although I knew it wasn't "right," I realized that the five sisters on the end of my right arm provided infinitely more pleasure than my girlfriend's pussy. It was only logical; she knew nothing about the penis and I probably knew even less about the vagina. I was almost glad when I had to go away to college, where my career as a masturbator took a new twist.

I attended a large, Midwestern Catholic college. At school I first heard of a secret organization of students known







as the Demented Dementos. The name was usually uttered with the reverence one reserves for "hemorrhoid" or "STD," and was almost always used in connection with some petty case of vandalism. But I had never met a Demento or knew anyone who had. If the Dementos existed at all, they were certainly secretive.

Then one day a skinny, pimple faced guy with thick eyeglasses approached me in the hall. "We've been watching you," he said, "and most of the time you're pretty much of a nerd, but we are going to extend the chance of a lifetime. How would you like to be a member of the most exclusive club on campus? How would you like the chance to become a Demented Demento?"

I guess I hadn't changed much since jacking off as a kid because I jumped at the chance. I asked what I had to do and was told that I would soon receive a "Grail," or list of tasks to perform. After the successful completion of the Grail, I would be inducted.

I fulfilled my tasks in short order and was told that I would be a member in good standing if I survived a blackball vote at the next meeting. The vote, I was assured, was a mere formality.

The meeting was held in an old farm-house outside of town. Fifty or sixty guys were there and the vote was taken the first thing. After I easily passed, all the members came around and shook my hand and told me how glad they were that I was a Demento. The president called the meeting to order and said that it was time to get down to some serious dementia. Then he asked for suggestions from the floor.

"How about an El Creamo con test?" someone shouted. "Yeah," someone else said. "We haven't had one of those in a long time."

The motion passed and everyone started throwing ten-dollar bills into the center of the room. Confused, I asked one of the older members what an El Creamo contest was. "Simple," he said. "The first guy to come and yell 'El Creamo' at the top of his lungs walks away with all the money on the floor."

There must have been at least \$500 on the floor. To an 18-year-old, that meant a lot of pot and beer. Given my expertise, I figured I stood as good a chance as anyone at winning the pot. I threw my money into the pile.

The lights were turned out. All around

me I could see vague shadows pulling at their crotches. The room was full of moans and groans so intense that I was sure someone would claim the pot before I could spurt. These guys seemed capable of an almost instant sexual frenzy.

Slowly, though, I felt a thick wad of cum gathering at the base of my cock. A few more strokes and it would be a richer man. If only one of the other Dementos, each one sounding like a moose in heat, didn't beat me to it.

Suddenly I felt the hot seed spurt up on my shirt and run down over my hand like boiling lava. "El Creamo! El Creamo!" I cried, sure that I'd make a big impression on all the other members.

The lights came one and a camera flashed in my face. All the guys in the room shouted "El Creamo! El Creamo!" in unison, pointing at me and laughing. When my eyes adjusted, I saw that no one else had his cock out. And worse, in the dark, girls had entered the room and were also pointing and snickering. Was I ever embarrassed!

Those wild and crazy days of youth are over and now, and I have settled down to plain-old comfortable jacking off. Most of the time I use porn videos for stimulation, but sometimes I go out of my way to make love to myself. There may be an element of homosexuality in my methods, but if there is, so what? Everyone is a little queer. Here's what I do:

I start out by having a few drinks, or maybe some pot, to get a little horny. Then I light some candles, turn out the lights, and remove my clothes (don't laugh). I light the candles when I'm masturbating for the same reason I light them when I'm fucking a chick. Candlelight softens the image of the body and erases flaws.

Then I sit on my rug, place a table mirror between my spread legs, and begin slowly working baby oil onto the shaft on my cock. I find the sight of my penis extremely arousing while looking at it from a different angle than when I pee. I move the mirror frequently to catch an-



other angle of my throbbing shaft, glistening in the diffuse candlelight.

"Slow" is the key word. I work the baby oil into my cock until it is absorbed into the skin. Then, using a wet paper towel, I wash away the remnants of the oil and begin rubbing saliva onto the head in a circular motion, until my juice starts seeping out. I lie on my back on the rug and raise my feet over my head until they touch the floor behind me. For some reason it is very hard to come in this position.

I pump my shaft with long strokes, feeling my whole being gather at the base of my balls and pour slowly down my shaft to the head of my cock, where it gathers like a rain cloud to break open in a steamy shower of self-lust.

That, my friends, is my story. Maybe it will work for you, but maybe not. All I know is that jerking off brings me lifelong joy.

- Joey S. Trenton, NJ

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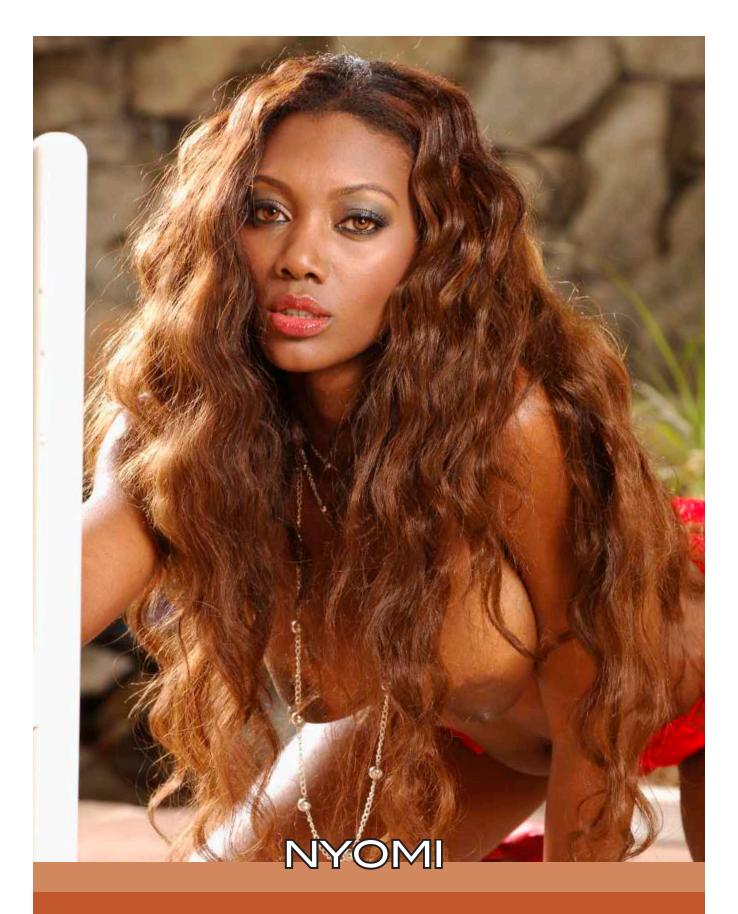








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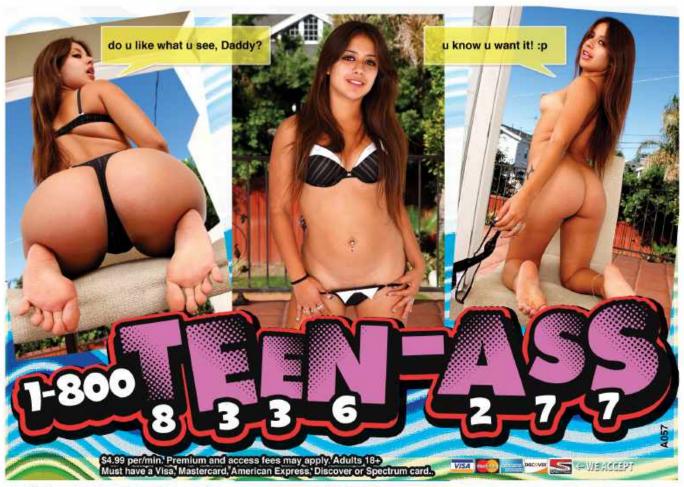






















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Mia and Tracy have been looking forward to their little get-together for a while. On their way here, their mouths salivated to get a hold of each other. Once they have their hands on each other, clothes come off, and every inch of flesh is adequately appreciated. Their pussies are squeezing around the other's fingers and dripping at the touch of their tongues.



